

me. The foundation for this I don't know. Probably it is because he is so eccentric.

Just at present he's a tourist. He is making a trip around the world. He is traveling in the capacity of an oiler on a tramp steamer. It's cheaper.

So when we received a letter postmarked at some outlandish, half-breed port in the tropics, I at once suspected something awful had happened, and I swooned in mamma's arms. And something awful had happened. He was sending me a flamingo. Ma, she took it calmer. She thought a flamingo was something to wear.

When I came to I had to inform her a flamingo is a hectic bird about the color of a boiled shrimp, and looks like a cross between a stork and a duck. Also, it has fishing pole legs, a neck like a garden hose, a head like a peanut, and a weird decorative effect suitable to circus posters. Circus posters are great educators. That's where I got my entire dope about flamingoes.

Well, I suppose I will have to keep stout with Uncle Ignatz and welcome the flamingo when it arrives. As a matter of fact, I'm about as eager for it as I'd be for a crocodile.

My only hope is that it's a warbler.  
(Continued.)

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### A QUESTION OF FINANCE

#### Chapter XXXI.

This morning everything seemed to be "which way." Dick took cold on the motor ride last night and it settled in a neglected tooth, consequently he was not in good humor.

I had an intuitive feeling that he attributed the ache to me, although he was quite as happy last night as I.

I did not realize until I arrived at the door of the diningroom that it was the first of the month. Mr. Waverly was growling over the bills and I heard Mrs. Waverly say:

"Well, you know, father, the wedding cost us a lot," and Mr. Waverly answered: "I can't see why we should have spent so much money just to make a splurge. If you would come down on earth, Mary, and try to be economical once in a while we would have some sort of a show for our old age."

"But, father, you would not have your only son marry without giving our friends some notice of the event," said Mrs. Waverly.

"That could have been done for twenty-five dollars with announcement cards if you had not wanted to make a show," exploded Mr. Waver-

ly, as I opened the door and hostilities ceased.

Mollie was as pale as a ghost and she did not eat anything. When Dick picked up the letters at his plate I thought she was going to faint.

I knew from Dick's fact that he had a number of bills that were larger than he expected and these did not make his toothache any better.

"Will you go to the dentist's this morning?" I asked.

"I will not," he answered shortly. "I have an engagement with Selwyn which will take me all the forenoon."

"Have you got the toothache, Richard?" asked his mother.

"If I hadn't I would not be thinking of going to the dentist's," he growled. "It is not what I would choose to do for pleasure."

I do wish Richard would not be so short with his mother. She is a peculiarly aggravating sort of woman, but she is his mother and it makes me tremble to think that when he has gotten used to me he may answer me as he does here. I am sure if he does it will break my heart.

Dick handed me his letters as he went out the door, with, "Here, Margie, take care of these."